











droom Photos to Uncle Pigg c/o OINK!





Make a pig of yourself with these prime Porky Products!



Ing Tack!

Join the



State if cheque-pr-postel order

I enclose chaque

Incredibly furny stickers! Okayi?!

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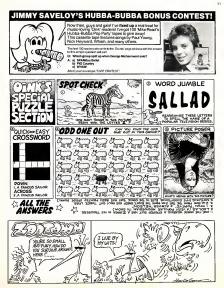
ROYC.posh card with "LUCKY" Number – an ace OINK! badge in piggy pink plastic – a lucky Butchers Foot key fob – a letter from you – and a sheet of incredibly funny stickers! Okary?!

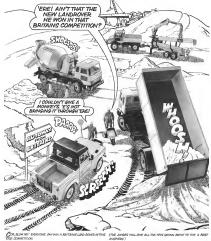
NAME

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Made payable to the DINK* CLUB





TO VAN, BUT A BRITAINS FOR TRANSPORTER, TIPPER TRICK OR TRACK MORE, THEN DIG OUT THE RIGHT ANSWERS TO TRESS, NAME WARM AUTOMAT TO CAN CARRY PETROS, P FACTION PORDS?

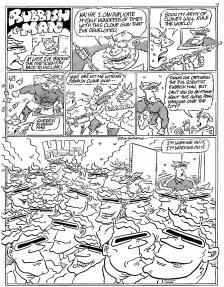
NOW DIMP AN END ON THIS SOUTENCE 'BRITAINS AUTOMAY'S JUST LIKE THE BEAU THING REMAINS

S (THE JUDGES WILL DIVE ALL THE TOYS GROWN ABOVE TO THE 6 BEST ANSWERS)

SEND THIS PAGE, WITH THE RELEIST FROM THE SHOP TO BETTANS ETC, HIS JUSTICE FORTLAND ST, LOHDON, WIN AN BY IT SEPT THE WHINES WILL BE ON THE BOD BY IT CONDERS. PAGE.

ADDRESS AGE

BRITAINS





SAFER PLACE TO LIVE IN!

14

O, HARRY - JUST LOOK IN THE VERS TODAY AND WHAT DO YOU EEP NOTHING BUT VANDALS WHO POIL IT FOR EVERYBODY ELSE!































I'm going to write to



covering me in sull! How dore



LPE'S discosts (Note

Manner! Have











GET ONK'S BAK TO SKOOL ISHEN ON SAYLE SEPT 5 THE ONE OF WITCH ON HOLD T











Won of the scenie wimmin







write to me and you could have a prize! Uncle Pigg's very own page onks, po. Box 35, HYDE, CHESHIRE SK14 5NB.

OINK!, P.O. BOX 35, HYDE, CHESHIRE SK14 5N



This reverge issue should feach Lighthouse not to muste in on any comie!

Stanting of muscles, show off yours with a great clink! I think I to shirt (coupen on fuge 10)!

Send money Now (I'm skint)! LOVE,

(Incle Pigg.

READ ALL ABOUT IT!

Per Pied Transfer ruther 125 OH No. The Review of the Company Transfer of the

A POS full off a large of a large of the drop factory nearly class the property of the post of the pos

GOOD SHOW, CHLOE! — UNCLE PIOG SEND YOUR CUPPINGS TO UNCLE PIOG (AND I DON'T MEAN TORINALIS)

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WHEN YOU WRITE TO UNCLE PIGG MY FAVOURITE FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE OF OINK ARE... Pig-Pack Members

This Issue's LUCKYNUMBER IS NUMBER

If this is your commerce, send fine your name to did ress to follow the commerce of the commer

PORKY PERSONALIT



TO TELL YOUR TROUBLES
TO?...WELL, GIVE OUR
UNCLE PIGG A MISSI

PROBLEMS

I lihink I'm in love with Horace (Ugly Face) Watkins, Can you help?

—Josinne Brown, Dartford, Sorry, Anyone who can fall for Horace is beyond help.

I cleaned out my hamster's cage and lined it with 'Oink'. Next morning he was dead as a dodo with his legs sticking out of his house window. Was he trying to wave good-bye? Or was it a reaction to Oink's

Or was it a reaction to Oink's jokes?
— Colette Magee, Co. Down Yes! He must have ded laughing

Some people say I'm a showoff. I must admit that I'm amazingly strong, stupendously fast, and

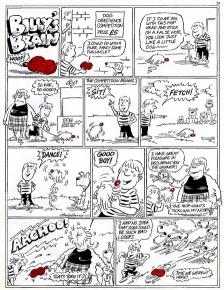
should I do? Please help. (Oops, sorry! I forgot — I'm too macho to need help). — Rory Rospote, Dubén. You sound like a man who has even thing going for you — so































BILLY **BUNKO'S** REVENGE!

A Rollicking Story of Fishfriars' School!

et your fat nose out of my curboard. Bunko!" boomed the voice of Harry Poker. "Yaroo!" yelped Bunko, turning to face the tall bounder who had caught him in the act of snaffling tuck. "I-er-just-er-was looking for my pet fruit-bat that flew in here. I wasn't after your pop and crisps, honestly, Poker!"

"I'm going to thrash you within an inch of your life. you lard-bellied lummox!" growled Poker, proceeding to administer a thorough thumping to the whale-like creature

Later that day, Bumley-Beaste, the end of the chemistry class, was surprised to see Bunko removing potato peelings and slops from the bins behind the dining hall, and placing them in a large bucket. "Greedy as ever, ch, fatso?" chortled the stick-like stinker "Shog off, spindle-shanks!" retorted the flummoxed

flesh-pot, lumbering off on his lardy legs, leaving Bumley baffled. Still later, the flabby fool lurked behind a pillar in the corridor of the school, regarding his handiwork. The

bucket of slops was poised over the slightly-ajar door of the study. Spores emanated from within the room





"When Poker wakes up and comes out, he'll get potato peel all over his pate!" chortled the chubby chumo

"Will he now?" came a strong voice behind him. Bunko, the astonished ass, turned at the sound-and came face-to-face with Bumley and Poker! "Bumley told me you were scrounging slops, and I

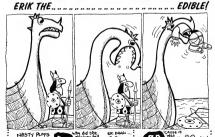
guessed what you were up to-so we've brought some SLUGS to fix you!" said Poker, sadistically. Bunko started to protest, but was cut short as Bumley held him down and Poker forced the slugs down the greedy goon's guller.

"Stop that, you hooligans!" came a shout from the direction of the study.

Squelchy, the headmaster, was dripping with gunge. "I nip into the study for a nap, and what do I find?" Squelchy went on. "A trap laid for me when I come out, and you three fighting in the corridor! Trousers down and bend over! I'm giving you six of the best! "Ib warb my faulb, Misteb Squelb!" blubbered the bullied blob through a mouthful of mashed molluses. "I'm not listening to any excuses, Bunko!" snarled Squelcb. "It's bad enough when the Juniors get up to these pathetic pranks-but you three are teachered You should be setting a better example!"



























I'll celebrate with a





